

SUBJECT TITLE: A VERDADE

SENT: 21 January 1997

Hello, Harold.

I know what you're thinking: "who is Pedro?" Well, Pedro is the one that plays Daniel.

Pedro is to Daniel as Harold is to Tisserand.

Well, I have a hard duty to do: explain to other micronations and my citizens what I've done all this time. But I can explain to you first, I'm sure you can understand.

I created Porto Claro in 1992. We had a huge "map" in paper we brought to school everyday. So we played it, and every child was a character, a one who had a role in the Kingdom. But people used to use their own names.

For example, a boy named Daniel Mesquita was chosen King, and I was his Prime-Minister. After that, we wrote a little "Constitution" (2 pages), and we followed playing. People could "kill" others by simply saying to them "you're dead". Obviously we didn't do that everytime, just sometimes. To "die" was to be out of the game. Game? Yes, that was a game. But a serious game.

When that year classes were over, no one ever talked about Porto Claro anymore. We just tried to re-build it, as "Parque das Palmeiras" (Palm Park), but it didn't work. So I decided to continue Portoclarian history alone.

Then I created a lot of imaginary characters. And I used to draw them as paper figures, just like toys. I could use Playmobils, if I wanted, but I decided to make them as paper dolls. Pierre Lamarq Jackson, Barbonelle Grazioso and Alfonso Damiao are paper dolls. I do write in their names, but I respect each one's "personality", they have their characteristics, their psychological temper, their ideas, their way of life. I was like "God" guiding a world of fictitious people, or, if you think it's too heretic, a director directing a movie without a screenplay.

Well, this was working, until I found Nikhedonia's site when I was researching GeoCities's Capitol Hill for a school project. From Nikhedonia I found the Micronations Page, and micronations in general.

So I thought: "I already have a country, I think it's a micronation. Why not putting it on the Internet to make it internationally known?". I thought I could act for each personage as I used to do it with papers, but now I know I'm wrong.

People in micronations take it very seriously, specially Ben Madison and Talossans. In Talossa, for exemple, they ARE citizens who moved from USA to there. In Porto Claro, we were just playing.

Obviously that there are some jokes: Matthew McLauchlin, for exemple, made his pets as Nikhedonian citizens; Rob Hart called his flag "Sopa Cerveza", which means "beer soup" in Spanish; Laputa claims to be the island that Lemuel Gulliver discovered in that book, lost in Pacific. Well, we in Porto Claro had a guy named Adolf Hitler as citizen (now he's gone).

When Ben asks me about "reality", or James Lind says "we're not real", I ask: "what's their concept of reality?". Ben is lucid (is this correct, I lost my dictionary) enough to expose their theories -- and they're great! -- but that James Lind seems to be also confusing. He became a Portoclarian citizen last week, and

now he appears as "Grand-Baron" of somewhere... Is that REAL?

What is reality? And if we wake up someday and we discovered it was all a dream? There's

a nordic poet that wrote something like that. Why can't we play a game and why can't it be recognized by other "real" micronations?

Well, in Porto Claro we play characters, and I can say it is our "pirate charm". I, Pedro, am not a rightist, like Daniel is. On contrary, I believe in Socialism, but my character doesn't (it would be a bit strange, because he's the greatest business owner in PC). If we are all "real", suddenly, then Porto Claro won't be Porto Claro anymore.

You can say: I lied to you, I said I was other person, I talked using several names. But I can answer: my plan was to grow in number of "real" citizens, specially after the center-left win the elections. I hoped to found more "nationalist" people, and good Portoclarians, such as Harold D. Thomas. Then the "old"

people, old characters, all imaginary, were exiting, going away and "dieing" to give place to this THIRD GENERATION of Portoclarians. Yes, third generation.

Think: 1st - Real People, 1992; 2nd - Imaginary People, 1993-1996; 3rd - Real People again, 1996- . See?

Well, Porto Claro isn't a One-Man nation anymore. Now I have many real citizens, some by Internet, other I know I flesh and blood. For exemple, the King Leonardo is my friend. But his real name is Joao Pedro. Governor Marcelo Brenneck, from Campos Bastos, studies with me in my high school. But his name is Marcelo Cavalcanti. People commonly just changed the last name, as Bruno L'Ambert, business owner, was Bruno Carvalho in reality, and Ludmila Aparente was Ludmila Goncalves. These are just exemple of real Portoclarians. Even my wife is real! She's my girlfriend.

Now, what must I do? Can I "kill" an entire generation of imaginary people? How would it be known in Portoclarian History? "The Imaginary People Massacre"? No, I can't. But now I can give space to those real people in the Government. For exemple, I think Jean Tisserand would be a GREAT Prime-Minister. He's nationalist, enthusiast, all that we need. But how can I solve this problem? You won't accept Pierre Lamarq Jackson anymore. I think we have about 10 real citizens and 100 imaginary currently. What will I do with these others? Freeze them? Make them travel to nowhere to never come back? Put the m in the Paredon and shoot-them-up?

It won't help anything if you, from other micronations, just humiliate me and refuse to talk to me. What you can do is help me saying how can I tell you that Porto Claro STILL is a micronation and we do STILL want to be with you.

Richard Kane e-mailed the Government saying that "PC is poor. Talossa is much better than your nation". Why? What makes a nation "better" than other? Why do you say USSR is better than USA, or contrary? Why England is better than Somalia? Is it? Why do you say it? And I never, never never but never wanted to start a competition between micronations. There's war and hate enough spread through the planet, and I think that, if we have a chance of building a world of 1,000,000,000 nations, we should do it in peace. We're not better than anyone, as we're not worse than anyone. We're just our own way.

For ending, I want to write the lyrics of a music, I think, should be the anthem for micronations: "Best of Friends", from Disney's "The Fox and the Hound":

When you're the best of friends,

Having so much fun together

You're not even aware

You're such a funny pair
You're the best of friends.
Life's a happy game
You could clown around forever
Neither one of you sees
Your natural boundaries
Life's one happy game
If only the world wouldn't get in the way
If only people would just let you play
They say you're both being fools
You're breaking all the rules
They can't understand
The magic of your wonderland
When you're the best of friends
Sharing all that you discover
When these moments have passed,
Will that friendship last?
Who can say? There's a way.
Oh, I hope,
I hope it never ends
'Cause you're the best of friends.

Life is a happy game, just as Porto Claro. Neither one of us sees our natural boundaries between reality and fantasy. If only people would just let us play...

Matthew McLauchlin knew all this before you. He was a true friend of mine. Why can't you be also?

Pedro Aguiar,

Rio de Janeiro, 1/21/97

P.S. - My tears are falling over the keyboard while I'm writing this message.